

## Butterfly Song by VerityR

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**Genre:** F/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, and some jonathan/nancy/steve mentions, but uh not really in a shipping way sorry guys

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**Summary:**

Nancy Harrington is happily married with a house at the end of the cul-de-sac and two kids. She plans bake sales and drives softball carpools. And sometimes, she screws Jonathan Byers in the backseat of his car.

## Butterfly Song

Time doesn't exist in Jonathan's car. Neither does laundry or the mortgage or the groceries she needs to pick up by Sunday night, when Steve's big client is coming over for dinner. There's just the flakes of mica in the concrete, glittering in the beam of the headlights. The stale cigarette-and-coffee bitterness that clung to the seats, no matter how diligently Jonathan cleaned. And the clear, bright pulse of the stereo. Nothing could ever sound better. Not the CD player in Steve's shiny new BMW, the Christmas gift he'd given himself two years back. Definitely nothing that played in the station wagon that was, by default, Nancy's car. The only music she ever played were the horrific Kids' Praise tapes her mother-in-law was always buying the girls.

Steve still exists. So do their daughters— Nancy has that evidence stretched across her abdomen, her thighs. But in the car, all of that can't touch them.

They even talk about it sometimes: like Jonathan, rooting through her purse for a lighter. He'd bought weed off some burnout Nancy seemed to remember bullying their brothers back in high school.

"And where's yours?"

"You know I quit."

Nancy restrained a disbelieving scoff. It was easier for her than it would've been as a teenager— if nothing else, eight years of marriage had given her a decent poker face.

"And what's this?" Jonathan held a cassette tracing a finger over the neon bubble lettering. "*Psalty's Sing-along-athon Maranatha Marathon Hallelujah Jubilee: The Best of Kid's Praise!* Funny, haven't caught this one on MTV."

She explained about Mrs. Harrington, her obsession with all things moral majority, and her inability to keep the Good Word to herself.

"Steve never tells her off?"

Nancy snorted. "Please. He grew up on Davey and Goliath. Psalty the Singing Songbook is an approvement."

Jonathan lit up with excitement. "Singing *what* now?"

Nancy sighed, describing the anthropomorphic bible who served as the soundtrack to every softball carpool.

"Something tells me this has gotta be heard to be believed." He popped in the tape, tossing the new Smashing Pumpkins onto the dash.

"Oh Jonathan, don't— " Nancy grappled with him vainly. "I mean it, *don't*— mmm!"

He cut her off with a deep, hungry kiss, licking across the roof of her mouth. A strangled keening noise was the only protest Nancy could pretend to muster. It only made Jonathan more eager, scraping lightly with his teeth as he sucked at her lower lip, scooping her into his arms.

Dimly, Nancy was aware of the jangly acoustic kid's music reverberating through the speakers, but she was too interested in the path Jonathan's fingers were tracing along the underwire of her bra.

"Take it off," she whined, squirming in his lap. It'd been so long. Six months maybe. It was just like cigarettes— no matter how many times they promised to quit, they'd go back in the end.

Jonathan ignored her pleading, swirling his tongue around the shell of her ear, rubbing a thumb over her nipple.

"Lace," he observed, idly. "You don't usually wear lace."

"Laundry day," Nancy lied, embarrassed now that she had tried too hard. And that she was pawing at his belt and grinding against the length in his jeans like a horny teenager. "C'mon, *c'mon*."

"In a rush?"

"Yes, you asshole, when am I not?" Sweat was beading at her cleavage. Nancy went to grab at the hem of her blouse, but Jonathan

caught her wrists. Involuntary she shivered, noting how easily her restrained her.

“Fine, you do it, then,” Nancy said, reaching behind him to lower the seat. In a second, the seat hurled them into a horizontal position with a thud. “The clasp is in the front.”

Jonathan raised an eyebrow, dropping her wrists. “He bought this for you, then.” In a smooth motion he undid the clasp and pulled it free, shirt still very much on.

With no patience for this commentary, Nancy made quick work of his pants, somehow managing to stay on top of him the entire time. Skirt pooled around her knees and panties still on, Nancy sat on his erection, eyes rolling to the back of her head at the feel of his cockhead, even through two layers of fabric.

“And it’s hot pink,” Jonathan said, voice slightly strained now, one hand on the small of her back. “Which of his girlfriends was this supposed to be for?”

“God, who cares?” Nancy kissed him again, palm on his jaw, thumb running over the sharp angle of his cheekbone. “Are you going to take my fucking shirt off, or do you want me to call Steve in for an assist?”

She’d meant to annoy him, but Jonathan didn’t rise to the bait, continuing to kiss her back. After a minute, though, he rolled down the window and threw the bra into the abandoned field where they’d parked.

“Hey, that was expensive! Probably!”

Jonathan didn’t respond, instead running his hands from her hips to her breasts, touching her though the thin, white muslin.

“Please?” Nancy heard herself asking, and her voice was all sixteen-year-old virgin, even if her body was that of thirty-year-old mother, a mother who’d been cheating on her husband for longer than her children had been alive.

“I’m not taking it off,” Jonathan said, his tone steady, even if his eyes

were wild. “And neither are you. You don’t need me to hold you back, do you?”

His dirty talk was never cloying or paternalistic, not like Steve, who’s I’m-about-to-cum-monologue was an irritating patter of *yeah take that baby you like that huh don’t you little girl?*

And, yeah, there was some... playing involved, between Nancy and Jonathan. They never formalized the rules to this particular game, but they understood it intuitively. Sometimes, Jonathan took control. He’d tell her what he wanted, then he’d take it. And sometimes that involved holding her down, making sure she was doing as she was told. But Nancy could be good. He’d had her do harder things before.

Like taking him in the hallway closet at the annual Harrington Christmas party. Or staying completely silent as he glided ice cubes over her body, in her mouth, in her twat. Or making her refuse sex with Steve for weeks at a time. Not touching herself for weeks. Waiting for Jonathan to tell her she was allowed to stop. It was always worth it. Jonathan always made it worth her while.

And it *was* a game, really. Nancy knew she didn’t have to. Honestly, she probably wanted it worse than he did. Dirtier things. Higher stakes. But he was the reasonable one, always. Nancy didn’t care if her mother-in-law caught Nancy getting her guts rearranged by ‘long-time family friend’ Jonathan Byers. But Jonathan cared. He cared enough to wear a condom even as she begged for him to come inside her, to stuff his fingers in her mouth as she screamed with pleasure in the hall closet, to say no everytime she suggested they run away together.

So, in his car, underscored by twinkling piano music and a kid’s choir singing about Jesus, Nancy shook her head. No, she did not need him to restrain her. She could be good.

“Good.”

“What was wrong with it anyway?” Nancy played with the hair at his neckline, raking her nails across his scalp. “Too trashy for me?”

“You are trashy.”

*“Excuse me?”*

Jonathan moved her panties to the side with his thumb, exposing her.

“Steve thinks you’re a good girl, so it turns him on to see you act bad. He gets off on making you do stuff he assumes you don’t want to do. Being the big manly man while you play blushing bride. Hence the naughty schoolgirl lingerie. Not to mention the Daddy stuff.”

Nancy flushed. “God, remind me to go back and time and prevent myself from telling you about that.”

Jonathan remained nonplussed, stroking her open slowly. Barely skimming a fingertip inside even though she was already so wet. “But I know you’re bad. So it’s perverse, seeing you pretend to be good.”

“Shut *up* and do it already. God, you think you’re so fucking smart—”

He slid his index finger inside her then, and cut her off with a kiss. Nancy’s mind whited out as he fucked her mouth with his tongue, her cunt with his hands, and time didn’t exist, only moonlight and piano and wetness and heat and then she was cumming.

“Mmm. You can get off me now.” Nancy mumbled into his shoulder blade, sensitive and sleepy. “Came already.”

Jonathan smirked. “It has been a while, hasn’t it?”

“What do y— oh! Don’t stop!”

He’d slid two more fingers in her, and the edge of Nancy’s vision blurred. He was right, she had forgotten. Quickly, she came again, double-barrel. This time, Nancy didn’t mind the feel of his fingers, working deeper and deeper even as she rode out her orgasm.

“That’s it.” He murmured into her neck, nuzzling the place where she applied her perfume, breathing her in. “Need more?”

“What I *need*— ” Nancy screwed up her face as she brought her hips down, knuckle deep. “Is your dick in me.”

Jonathan grinned. "If you insist."

Nancy moaned as Jonathan pulled his fingers out of her, inner walls clenching painfully at the sudden emptiness.

"I *hate* you," she gasped, clawing at the elastic waistband of boxers.

"I know. And that is why... " Jonathan brought his slick fingers to her right nipple, pinching it sharply. "This thing between us still works."

Nancy wanted to frown, show her disapproval somehow, but she couldn't with him playing with her nipple. The her blouse had gone see-through where he'd touched her and now her pink, pebbled nipple was clinging to the fabric. Jonathan laved his tongue over the other, fingertip circling still circling the right areola as he sucked the left.

"I don't hate you. I love you."

"You fuck me," Jonathan said, matter-of-fact. "There's a difference."

"You *know* I don't love Steve. When the kids are a little older— "

"He'll still have money. The same big house and the same big dick."

Nancy wrapped her small hand around the base of Jonathan's cock, gripping him hard, the way he liked. "And how would you know? Jesus, that'd be rich, both of us cheating on each other with you."

Jonathan laughed, low and dirty.

"Give him five years and I guarantee he'll ask for it. It's not like he doesn't know what's going on. I'm sure at some point he'll decide that's what'll save the marriage."

Nancy cracked a smile, getting more turned on than she'd like to admit at the prospect of it. Would they want to take her at once? Steve would be so pissed when he realized she did anal with Jonathan, so that might be off the table, but it wasn't like she was playing favorites, she just knew it would *hurt* too much with Steve. which was why Jonathan knew about Steve's dick, now that Nancy

thought about it. Jonathan had wondered why Steve hadn't gotten that particular first, along with everything else. He'd liked it, her still being innocent in that one way.

"Would you say yes?" Nancy tried to sound uninterested, though her enthusiasm must've been obvious, she was never this chatty during sex...

"Not a fucking chance in the world," Jonathan said, gruffly, pushing her soaking panties aside and parting her folds. "Not with him, at least."

Nancy bit her lip, practically salivating at the idea of a threesome, though she couldn't think of a another guy who'd be willing, honestly, it was really too bad neither of them had any friends—

"Jesus! Fuck!"

Jonathan had thrust up into her without warning. She was fully clothed, fully sitting on his lap with his cock buried in her. The elastic of her panties was cutting painfully into her inner thighs, but it paled in comparison to her pussy, throbbing at his roughness.

"You're mine," Jonathan said, pulling out briefly, flipping them, so Nancy was lying on her back. She shimmed out of her panties, letting them drop down to her ankles. He fucked into her again, looking into her eyes, unwavering. "Mine."

"You said that— *uh!* —you said that I— *ah!* —that I hate you."

Jonathan started pumping into her at a consistent pace: solid, deep, steady, and so so so so good. He pressed his chest against hers so they were embracing, sticking together with sweat, as close as anyone could be.

"You don't respect me."

"I *love* you," Nancy insisted. "Oh! Fuck! Fuck!" She tried to spread her legs, to take him deeper, but her panties would only let her stretch so wide. She kicked them off wildly, needing it, needing him, and succeeded in sending the panties flying across the car, landing who knows where.



“Yes!” Nancy squealed, triumphant, raising her legs, wrapping her ankles around her neck.

Jonathan hadn’t let up the pace, hadn’t changed anything at all, but at this angle he felt so big, filled her so good, it felt impossible. Like her body was contorting itself for his pleasure, doing anything, *being* anything to get him off

“Maybe it’s just that I hate you.” Jonathan growled, unrelenting.

Nancy felt tears prickling at her eyes, though she couldn’t be sure if it was from pain or pleasure or heartbreak.

“I’m— that’s not true.” He cupped her cheek, ran his thumb over her lips. “I should’nt have— I’m sorry.” Jonathan kissed her forehead, sweet and almost chaste, despite the fact that his cock was practically slamming against her cervix. “I just wish things were different sometimes. That you loved me like I love you.”

“That isn’t true,” Nancy whispered, trembling around him. “I love you. I love you.”

Jonathan gritted his teeth, clearly on the edge. The veins in his forearms popped, sweat dripped down his abs, his thrusting stuttered.

“Come in me,” she said, like she’d said a thousand times before. “I want you to knock me up, I want to have your baby like I wanted all along, I want you to fill me and I want it because I love you, okay? Because I— ”

He came, then, looking at her like something had snapped. Like he’d finally let go.

“God that was— ”

“Not done.” Jonathan lowered himself, brought his head between her thighs and licked across her slit, swallowing his own cum.

“Jesus Christ, what are you— ”

“One of these stupid songs has to be about not taking the Lord’s name in vain, right?”

Nancy had completely tuned the music out but, sure enough, it was still playing:

*And if I were an octopus,*

*I'd thank you, Lord, for my good looks.*

*But I'd thank you, Father, for making me Me!*

Nancy groaned, and not just because Jonathan was still stroking her.

“This is so fucked up,” she commented, as he sucked on her labia.

“Why didn't I realized how fucked up this was before now?”

*'Cause you gave me a heart,*

*And you gave me a smile*

*You gave me Jesus,*

*And you made me your child.*

“God, we have to stop, it's too weird.”

Jonathan looked up at her, eyes wide, mouth shiny. “If you want.”

*And I just thank you, Father, for making me Me!*

Her clit throbbed and Nancy sighed, knowing she wasn't going to ask him to stop. She shook her head no, and Jonathan smirked, the smug asshole, before diving back between her thighs. First he played with

her, delicately fingerfucking her, making the cum drip down her thighs. Then licked it up, teasing her, sucking on her inner thigh like a lemon rind and rubbing her clit with his thumb. Only when she was panting and biting her fist and almost sobbing with need did he relent and put his mouth where she needed it most.

*If I were a wiggly worm,*

*I'd thank you, Lord, that I could squirm —*

“That’s you,” Jonathan said, coming up for air. “You should thank the Lord that you can squirm.”

Nancy made a choked noise, not a gasp or a moan or a laugh, but some kind of mixture of the three. But it was true, and she couldn’t help it. She carded her fingers through his beautiful hair, straight and silken and fair, watching the man she loved eating her out after he’d fucked her because he always took care of her and he was always there and *she loved him she loved him she loved him...*

Once she came, Nancy turned off the music and Jonathan drove her home, back to the most expensive cul-de-sac in the neighborhood, the one that every kid in a five mile radius headed to for the full sized candy bars at Halloween.

They didn’t kiss good night, but Jonathan smiled before he pulled away. Steve wasn’t home yet. Nancy paid the babysitter, checked on the kids in bed. Then she slipped on white cotton underwear (she’d left hers in the car, what the babysitter must’ve thought, coming home with her hair wild, no bra, no panties...) and a nightgown and passed out to Letterman’s monologue.

Steve came into bed at some point, startling her into consciousness.

“Letterman still on?” Nancy mumbled, turning to face him.

“Musical guest is on.”

“Oh.” She yawned. “Turn it off then.”

Steve chuckled, kissing her cheek. “Have a good night off from the kids?”

Effortlessly, Nancy lied. “No, you know me. I don’t know what to do with myself without them.”

Her husband buried his face into her hair. “Should’ve known. You’re too good. Not like me.” He stuck his hand under her dress, cupping her vulva, skimming over her stomach, and landing at her breasts.

“You wear that bra I bought you yet?”

“Steve, I told you. It’s too racy. I’m going to return it.”

He laughed, eyelids at a sleepy half mast, giving her one last proprietary squeeze before turning to sleep on his stomach.

“You’re probably right. My frugal little wife. My good little girl.” Steve yawned, and pecked her on the mouth. “Love you, baby.”

“No, you don’t.” Nancy muttered, under her breath.

“Hm?”

“I’ll tell you when you’re older,” she joked, borrowing a phrase they often told the girls.

Eyes shut, Steve smiled into his pillow, stomach rising and falling slowly. Already half asleep.

“Love you too,” Nancy finally said. The lie sounded disjointed and unnatural, like she was on a bad soap. Steve didn’t seem to notice, giving her a kiss on the shoulder at the familiar words. All the same, once she’d told it, Nancy knew she’d sleep easier. Everything was back to normal. How it was supposed to be.

#### **Author's Note:**

Sooooooo this is a thing? Never published any smut before so if this is weird and bad and you hate it...

[insert a picture of Tracy in 30 rock with a post-it on his hand that says Please Be Nice To Me]. Now that I broke my writer's block though, hopefully I'll be posting the next part of my multichap within the week!